

CASTELAR ON INTERVENTION.

Senor Emilio Castelar is the Spanish republican who has worn as many coats as there have been changes in the national politics.

Senor Castelar is not in the least afraid of the United States or of her intervention in Cuban affairs.

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the public, and incidentally, of course, to a profit of 15 to 20 per cent for himself.

An immediate benefit might spring from this investigation if the gentlemen at Washington now engaged in formulating a new tariff would give heed to the figures showing the profits of the trust.

It cannot be said the examination of the beneficiaries of the trust system is being prosecuted with a degree of acumen which promises the best results.

As the time approaches for the Journal's "benefit" for the hungry and homeless, which will take place in the Metropolitan Opera House Tuesday evening, more and more actors and managers are justifying the praise of their professions we uttered the other day.

This performance, the entire proceeds of which will go to those who hunger and are cold, will be one of the most enjoyable as well as one of the most notable ever seen in this country.

No sensible man will pity the sorrows of those misery-flaunting persons like the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, who are now loudly weeping over Governor Black's wickedness in living up to his bargain with Platt and Payne.

Dr. Cuyler, in the Evangelist, and numerous other repentant souls in other media of communication, say that they are deeply grieved by the Payne business.

Dr. Cuyler and his associate ex-post facto reformers deserve no sympathy. As Dr. Cuyler admits in his indignant remonstrance to Black, Payne is "a man who had long been your [Black's] crony and adviser."

It is worse than disingenuous in the Cuylers at this late day to repudiate Black and to try to crawl out from under the burden of shame he has brought down upon himself and them.

Hon. Benton McMillin's pertinent interrogation point has seriously interfered with the tranquility which was expected to obtain at the recent hearings before the Ways and Means Committee.

The announcement of the failure of the bolt trust will in no manner affect Mr. Cleveland's treatment of the members of the political bolt combine who are trying so hard to negotiate their party treachery for public offices.

The groom at a Kentucky wedding fainted twice before the ceremony could be performed. This is a State that produces so much anti-fainting fluid is one of the most novel happenings of the new year.

Secretary J. Sterling Morton has issued a report on "The Tape-worm of Poultry." It is generally conceded that Mr. Morton is a much better authority on this subject than he is on finance.

A Timely Study in Starvation.

Six years ago an extraordinary Norwegian novelist, Knut Hamsun, published his first book, "Hunger." It is a story of the author's fight for life, which has been fierce and incessant.

There is nothing in the book but famine, the demoralization that comes from this blood, flabby muscles, weak heart; the madness of starvation; the rage and crazy despair of the empty stomach.

Not every man, however, who has suffered starvation has published his experiences. Here is the case of Edward Jarply, an American, who walked the streets of New York for six days without food.

Edward Jarply is twenty-one years old. He was a grocery clerk before he left his home in New Milford, Conn., and came to New York seven months since in search of a fortune.

Only \$9 of his little hoard were left, but he was sanguine and sure of finding something to do. By eating in cheap restaurants and sleeping at Bowery lodging houses he made \$9 last for two more weeks.

Saturday morning he rose early to read the advertisements for help as soon as they were posted in front of the newspaper offices.

By the time he reached Park row confidence had returned. Perhaps noon might find him a place. He read the advertisements and noticed three that looked favorable—one in lower Seventh avenue, another in West Thirty-fourth street, and another on the upper East Side.

Midnight found him in Washington square, having tired himself in fruitless endeavor to find work. His head ached terribly, and this, with hunger, produced momentary insanity.

Early on the morning of the next day his hunger reached a climax. Whenever he looked into a restaurant window he felt as if he must break in, fill his arms with good steaks and devour them until satisfied.

With chilled feet, in his thin, cracked shoes, he limped painfully through the frost-bitten thoroughfares. The tenderness of his soles was exasperating and maddening.

From the preliminary announcements it would seem that one of the aims of the McKinley Administration is to be the resurrection of all the Ohio politicians the Foraker machine has buried.

"Size is not everything," observes the Boston Globe. It is quite evident that the Boston Globe has not contemplated the new tax rate of our reform Administration.

Illinois has two United States Senators, neither one of whom can ride a bicycle. Yet Illinois is always vociferously declaring that she is keeping pace with the progress of the nation.

FADS AND FOLLIES OF THE 400.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

PERRY BELMONT is largely responsible for the popularity of politics among the chappies just now.

Ordinarily the dude in politics is regarded by the rank and file of political machines as a good thing with legs to be pulled.

But Perry Belmont is different. Nobody ever got hold of his leg without his knowing it, and nobody ever pulled it very hard or very long without a definite understanding with its owner.

Of course we have had men of fashion more honored than this. There is Bill Whitney, for instance; but Bill was a politician before he was an aristocrat.

But Perry Belmont reversed this order. He went from society into politics. He was born to wealth and position. His father's fortune and his mother's family made his own place secure.

From Washington comes the agreeable information that Senator Calvin S. Brice is going to the Bradley Martin ball as the Marquis de la Fayette.

Propos to the ball and things, animate and inanimate, that we shall see there, I am vastly entertained by the detailed description of the costumes that some of the sweet and tasteful young gentlemen are going to wear.

I should dearly love to dwell on the fact that James M. Waterbury is going as a French cavalier in spite of supplementary proceedings; that Douglas Robinson will wear his granddaddy's waistcoat; that Jimmie Breesee will sport an algrette and a jeweled rapier; that Arthur Kemp's stockings will be white and scented with Florida water; that Dickie Wilson will wear Roman cologne; and that Sidney Smith will be commonplace after all, and go as a king's courtier instead of a king's jester.

With the instinct of a natural temperance advocate I scent danger to chappie-dom in the cabled information that His Royal Highness, Tum Tum, Prince of Wales, is extravagantly, even pincely, fond of brandy peaches.

When it was announced that His Royal Highness, Tum Tum, Prince of Wales, is extravagantly, even pincely, fond of brandy peaches. When it was announced last Summer that Albert Edward, dear boy, was going in for flowered waistcoats, every dude in town once started out to make a jarrilliere of his front.

The result was the most marvellous aggregation of flamboyant waistcoats the town ever saw. Now we have it that Tum Tum can't get enough brandy peaches to satisfy his appetite.

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Gaught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

"Will you give me 25 cents, mister?" said a young man, addressing a stranger but little more prosperous looking than himself on Park row the other night.

"No, I'll not," replied the stranger. "Why don't you go to work? You look healthy enough."

The mendicant, in response to questions, related his troubles at great length, explaining that he did have a job, but a strike had thrown him out of employment.

"What is your business?" "I write stories for the papers."

"All these questions mean that you'll probably write a story about me, eh?" "Quite likely. Your remarks in print will bring me about \$4, I think."

"You are a blasted dead beat, that's what you are, to refuse me a quarter and then bunco me out of a story worth \$4. The newspaper business is out of my line, but I know a dead beat when I see one."

"The cleverest practitioner I know of in the autograph line," remarked the travelled man, "is an American who is coming money in Manchester. This genius, who is well known to the New York police, is a forger of rare skill who went abroad some years ago for reasons of his own."

"While practising signatures one day he hit on that of the Prince of Wales and managed to connect with the idea that has made his fortune. He purchased at a discount a check that had been indorsed by His Royal Highness and soon had his scheme in working order."

"He first got a few thousand checks printed, which he carefully filled in for various small amounts, imitating the handwriting of the Prince to perfection. He did not try to negotiate them; he had a better scheme than that. He sold them to relic hunters. He is selling them to-day as fast as he can turn them out. He does the indorsing personally, and by means of a rubber stamp makes it appear that the checks have been through the bank. They are marvellous imitations of checks that have gone the rounds in the usual way."

"By circulates customers are informed that by means of his connection with the household of Albert Edward he has secured possession of returned checks signed by His Royal Highness."

"A percentage is charged on the amount of the check, and he tells me that it is far more lucrative and less risky than the direct methods employed in New York."

"Every mail brings him orders. In the near future it is his intention to get out a catalogue and put the scheme on a business footing. He says there is a big field on this side of the water, and he will soon open agencies in New York, where he believes there is a fine opening."

A close observer of New York life said the other day, while speaking of the efforts of country people to look as metropolitan as they possibly can when on a visit here: "They can dress like New Yorkers and get their hair cut in Broadway barber shops, and keep their boots polished seven days in the week, instead of one; in short, they can copy the outward and visible styles of urban life, but there is one particular in which they always give themselves away, and if you wish to know what I mean go into one of the big department stores that has a large out-of-town customer, and watch the people as they go in and out of the elevators. They enter with great caution, first putting a foot inside the door in a tentative fashion that reminds one of an elephant stepping on a bridge. Once inside they look around apprehensively and gasp and clutch at one another when the car starts. At the end of the journey they are loath to emerge, and when they have been finally coaxed out by the boy at the strap they stand about and silently watch the car until it disappears again. The elevator is the very last bit of civilization that the provincial visitor gets accustomed to."

"That man Flasher has broken out again." "What a temper he has! He's buckwheat cakes." "Cleveland Plain Dealer."

Perry Pattie—Kind lady, could you give a poor old man a suit of clothes? Kind Lady—No. "Er-mebbe a pair of pants that ain't workin'?" "No." "Er a old vest?" "No old vest." "Mebbe you could hand me out a slice of pie?" "Mebbe I could, but I won't." "Kind lady, would it be asskin' too much of you to ask you to giunne your moral support?" "Cincinnati Enquirer."

"Yes," said Blueboard, in explanation, "it became a sort of habit. The first one, though, got it because of a propensity she had for making pins in connection with the color of my whiskers and the wind."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Scientist says that the secret of all life is vibration." "Took! I've had lots of people give me the shake, but there wasn't anything secret about it."—Chicago Record.

"Ah," she sighed, "there are the Bronsons. They've been married for twenty years, and he's, apparently, just as fond of his wife as ever." "Oh, yes," he snarled, "Bronson's generally regarded as a sort of pudlin' head."—Cleveland Leader.

"I believe you men think more of your wheels than you do of your wives." "Why not? We can get an improved make every year."—Chicago Record.

"I'm surprised that she is opposed to the wheel. She is a broad-minded woman." "Her broadness is not all in her mind, however."—Detroit Journal.

"As to stout women riding the wheel," said the Empiricist, "I am free to say that they seem to lose thereby something of moral weight, and that's about all."—Detroit Journal.

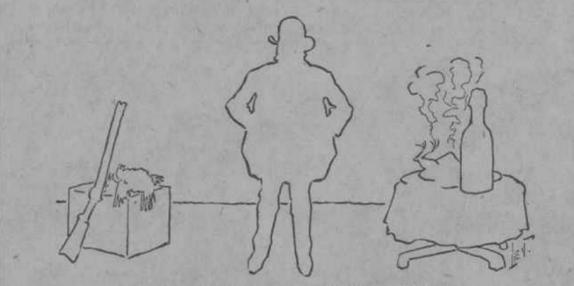
Energetic Citizen—You greet, lazy, hulk; you ought to be in jail. Perry Pattie—I know it is the correct thing in our set to be in jail this time of year, but the Winter is so mild that I ain't felt in no hurry about it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Did you say to me," remarked the young man, "that Miss Fluvvies is very shallow and transparent?" "Yes," replied the girl who gossiped. "Well, you did her an injustice. I had occasion to sit behind her at the theatre last night, and I have positive information to the contrary."—Washington Star.

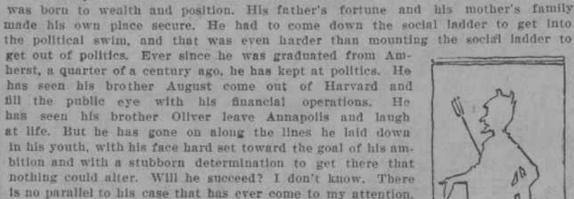
"What doctor's treating you, Grumpy?" "Treating me? Three of them some here regularly and loot my sideboard every visit. I'm doing all the treating."—Detroit Free Press.



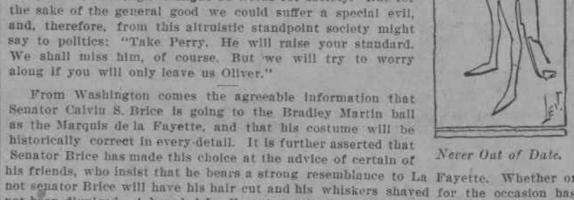
Society's Premier Politician.



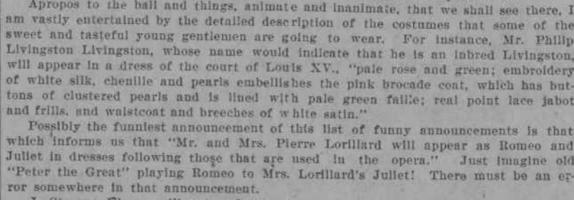
Mr. Edgar Gibbs-Murphy's Perplexing Dilemma.



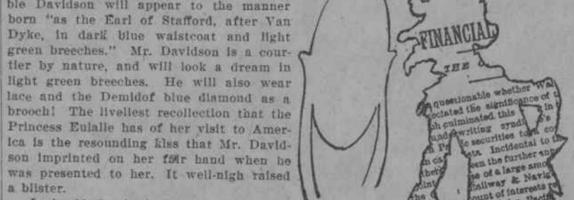
Never Out of Date.



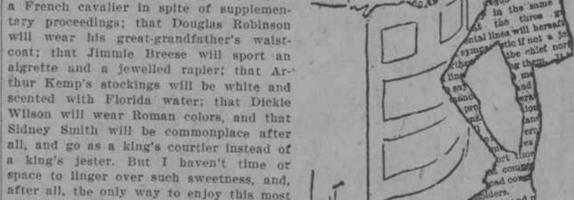
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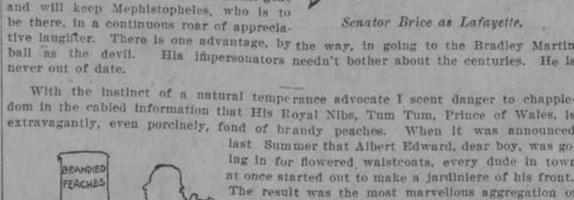
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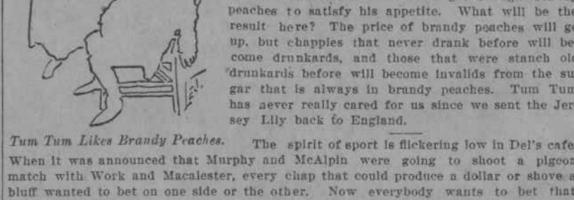
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Tum Tum Likes Brandy Peaches. The spirit of sport is flickering low in Del's cafe. When it was announced that Murphy and McAlpin were going to shoot a pigeon match with Work and Macmaster, every chap that could produce a dollar or shove a bluff wanted to bet on one side or the other.

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